


...howe in they ...
...of great honoure amonge the commons
...the name of synthe which thei doth ...
...the commons have ...
...to the figure of ...
...as thou sayd forsooth ...
...what they say of last ...
...they salute them in the deuis name
...pray unto god that they may ...
...to such many ...
...in such fortune ...
...as doth ...
...when they be out of play


John that we shall face ...
...the countie where we are ...
...a great ...
...is one that ...
...tell you this ...
...to begyn ...
...ough his ...
...with ...
...eleaste ...
...in we have ...
...our purpose ...
...all the ...
...to our ...
...be to the ...
...the ...
...that the ...
...ne to ...
...is authority

[illegible][illegible]



O myghty fader in heuen on yve
 One god and perzones thre
 That made bothe daye & nyght
 And after as it was thy wyll
 Thy no lone thou sente by tyll
 In a mayden to lyght
 Syth the Jewes that were wyld
 Hanged hym that was so myld
 And to dethe hym dyght
 Whan he was deed the sothe to saye
 To lyfe he rose on the thyrde daye
 Thourughe hys owne myght
 Then to helle he wente anone 
 And toke out soules many one
 Out of that holde he hent
 Augre the fendes that were bolde
 He toke the prysoners out of holde
 With them to heuen he wente
 On his faders ryght hande he hym sette
 That all sholde knowe withouten lette
 That he was omny potent
 And after wysdome he was sent
 That all sholde kepe his comendement
 And for to byleue in hym verrey
 That is our saypoure
 That was of that blyssed
 That to paynt and some to lye
 In hys full rounde

Charles I, Chapter
 of the West. (1400)
 magne. (Romance)

The lady commaunded anone soone
 That the gates were undone
 And byng them all before me
 For well at ease shall they be
 They toke theyr pages horse and all
 These two men wente in to the hall
 I pomydon on knees hym set
 And the lady saye he gret
 I am a man of straunge countre
 And praye you yf it your wyll be
 That I myght dwell with you this yere
 Of your nurture for to lere
 I am come out of ferre lande 
 For I herde tell before hande
 Of your nurture and your scruple
 Is holden of so grette empyse
 I praye you that I may dwell here
 Some of your scruple for to lere
 The lady behelde I pomydon
 And semed well a gentyll man
 She knewe none liche in all her lande
 So goodly a man and well farande
 She sayde also by his nurture
 He was a man of grette valure
 She cast full soone in her thought
 That for no scruple cam he nought
 But it was worshyp her unto
 In her scruple hym to do

From the romance of "I pomydon" by W. de Winton

[illegible]

And Joye for as
 Thou Ihesu as thou bou
 Gue them Joye this ge
 And herken on a ryght
 Some men loueth to hee
 Of doughty knyghtes th
 And some of ladyes bryg
 And some myracles that
 And some of venterous k
 That for our lozde dyde f
 As Charles dyde that no
 That hethen downe dyd
 Thrughe the helpe of go
 He wanne fro the hethen
 The spere and nayles of
 And also the crowne of th
 And many a ryche relyk
 Gaugre of them he war
 And kylled them euen an
 The turkes and the pay
 He felled downe many a fi
 Durst none stande hym i
 Charles gan them so aff
 That the catuyes mygh
 And the tyme that they i

Joye for aye
 as thou bought vs dere
 Joye this gylt wyll here
 on a ryght
 oueth to here tell
 knyghtes that were fell
 ladyes byght
 pracles that are tolde
 venterous knyghtes olde
 loyde dyde fyght
 dyde that noble kynge
 downe dyde bynge
 helpe of god almyghty
 the hethen boundes
 d naylor of crystes woundes
 crowne of thorne
 ryche relyke mo
 hem he wanne also
 em euen and mozne
 and the paynyngs bolde
 many a folde
 ande hym befozne
 them so affraye
 oues myght curse the daye
 that they were bozne



NOW Machampte y turke vntrue
 To our loyde cryst Ihesu
 And to his lawe also
 Wher crysten men slayne hath he
 And wane constantyne that noble cyte
 Wyth many towne in
 He brente and slewe / and leste none on lyfe
 Seyther man / chylde / ne wyfe
 To dethe he made them go
 youge Innocentes that neuer dyde gylte
 That false turke hath them spylte
 He played the kynge Pharo
 All the stretes of Constantyne

The lady commaundyd anon soone
 That the gates were undone
 And bynge them all before me
 For well at ease shall they be
 They toke theyr pages horse and all
 These two men wente in to the hall
 Jpomydon on knees hym set
 And the lady saye he gret
 I am a man of straunge countre
 And praye you yf it your wyll be
 That I myght dwell with you this yere
 Of your nurture for to lere
 I am come out of ferre lande
 For I herde tell before hande
 Of your nurture and your scrupse
 Is holden of so grete empyse
 I praye you that I may dwell here
 Some of your scrupse for to lere
 The lady behelde Jpomydan
 And semed well a gentyll man
 She knewe none suche in all her lande
 So goodly a man and well farande
 She sayd also by his nuture
 He was a man of grete valure
 She cast full soone in her thought
 That for no scrupse cam he nought
 But it was worshyp her vnto
 In her scrupse hym to do

From the romance of "Jpomydon" by W. de Winton

Charles I, the prince
 of the West (Philip)
 (Lancaster)

There coude no man hys fote nohne sette
 I gve you knowlege withouten lette
 But on a deed body
 The crysten men wente to make
 The churches & our ymages they make
 That were made of stones and tree
 The crucyfix of our saupoure
 They kest it dohne with dyshonre
 And also our lady
 They sette our prestes at the masse
 Goddes men had no grace
 They kyled them doune in euery stede
 Bothe prestes & clarkes they put to dede
 Within goddes holy place
 The turkes kene with sheide and spere
 Our prestes before the hye aultre
 They ranne throught in a rage
 Many gan dye for crystes loue
 Angelles they soules bare about
 To heles and moche solace
 Thus the turke the wicked quede
 Crysten people he put to dede
 And sette felwe upon lyue
 The besten cryed with grette dyspoure
 On mahounde and on pchampte
 The turkes men they sette
 On the besten men they sette
 On the besten men they sette
 On the besten men they sette

In this countrey
 And at p...
 Of the cup ye shall sette
 And all your...
 ye may die...
 But your...
 Madam he said...
 He th...
 Sh...
 But he said...
 He salued the...
 As a gentylme...
 All they sayd loone anone
 They sawe neuer so goodly a p...
 He so lyght he so glad
 He none that so ryche araye had
 There was none that late nor yede
 But they had meruayle of his dede
 And sayd he was no lytell syre
 That myght shewe suche atyre
 When they had eten and grace sayd
 And the table awaye was layd
 Up than arose Ipomydone
 And to the buttry he wente anone
 And his mantell hym aboute
 On hym loked all the route
 And euery man sayd to other there
 Wyll ye se the proude squyere

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But because he is the thing himself
And is in him self to suffer
And without the helpe of no other thing
To the helpe of his glorie
But every other thing hath neede
Of helpe that is to say of another thing
And thus it is that he is most noble
For he is the thing that is most noble
And he that hath more neede of the thing
For the preservation of his living
Then his fellow hath his fellow must neede
By this same reason more noble than he
What than. 19 By the same reason it may be
Ye be but sayrill a wretched both two
And by the same reason pur. y shall
That I am the noblest man of vs all
For I have neede of no manner thing
That ye can do to help of my living
For every thing whereby ye do live
I norish it & to you both do gyf
I plow I cull & I set the ground
Whereby I make the corn to habounde
Whereof ther is made both drynk & bred
With the which daily ye must nedes be fed
I norish the catell & to you also
Fylth & herbis & other thingis mo
sell here & woll wher the bestis do here
I norish & preserve which ye do were
Which yf ye had not no doubt ye shuld
Starue for lack of clothis because of colde
So both you shulde die or lyue in necessite
If ye had not comfort & help of me
And as for your fyne cloth & costly aray
I cannot see wher ye ought to mat
Call your self noble because ye were it
Which was made by other mens labour & wit
And also your delicate drinkis & viand
By other mens labour be made so pleasaunt
Therefore I am the most noble man to you I say